

THE Sommerfet-shire Damsel beguil'd;

O R,
The Bonny Baker Chous'd in his Bargain.

The Baker Wedded her in haste,
And after that was done,

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She brought him e're Five months space
A Daughter and a Son.

To the Tune of, The Two English Travellers,

This may be Printed, A. P.



A Beautiful Damsel from Sommerfet-shire,
Came up to the City of London we hear;
And she was delightful, both proper and Tall,
An accident to her at length did befall.

For many a Suitor then courted her still,
Who daily endeavour'd to gain her good will;
The first was a Barber, a jocular Blade,
Who was in attire most Richly array'd.

The next was a Farrier whose fortune was great
His friends they had left him a worthy estate;
He treated her kindly, but all was in vain,
She slighted his proffer with scorn and disdain.

The next was a Baker who call'd her his dear,
Resolved he was to come in for a share,
In this kind of language she answer'd him to
We gon, and pack off with the rest of the crew.

A roving gallant did this Damsel surprize,
His robes was so rich that he dazled her eyes,

Rich fringing and ruffles most gallant & gay,
With eloquent language he did her betray.

He gave her a Ring with a bracelet of Pearl,
Then kiss'd her and call'd her his amorous Girl;
Said he thou wilt rest if this night I should lie
With thee my sweet creature, she said no not I.

What pleasure & pastime this couple did take,
I shall not discover for modesty's sake:
This gallant soon after did surely refrain
Her company clearly with scorn and disdain.

O then she was in a most pitiful case,
For finding and fearing her future disgrace;
Now where are those tradesmen the damsel replyd
I wish one would come now & make me his bride.

I'll go to the Barber he was my first Love,
And he what he says I myself will move
His tender affections, he holds not my crime,
To him I'll be married, so now tis high time.

An Innocent story to him she did tell,
He knew by her humour that all was not well;
He said you was cruel and us'd me unkind,
You might have took me when I was in the mind.

I'll go to the Farrier, he once courted me,
He may be more loving and kinder then he,
But when she came to him he made her a vow,
That he would have nothing to do with her now.

At last to the Baker she went with all speed,
He must be the man that must now do the deed;
To father the Child be it daughter or Son,
If he does not marry me I am undone.

The Baker was joyful and ended the strife,
He freely embrac'd her and made her his wife;
The Wedding was kept with much joy & good cheer
With music & dancing to pleasure his dear.

But twenty weeks after to finish their wretch,
She brought him a daughter & son at a birth,
His charge coming on he did heartily rue,
He hung down his ears & lookt pitiful blue.

For now he had every thing to provide,
As Blankets and Cradles with gossips beside;
With twenty things more which he must prepare,
Was ever poor man so incumbred with care.

Alas he lamented, and made piteous moan,
As fearing the bats they were none of his own;
The Gossips exclaiming her thus they did say
Tis twenty by night man and twenty by day.

The reason she gave in so little a time,
She's youthful and fruitful & just in her prime.
If that be the reason, in love he reply'd,
I take them as blessings, then kiss'd his Bride.

He soon was perswaded the matter went well,
Their joys in abundance his grief did excel;
The peace being made between him & his spouse,
They fill out the Liquor and drink a carouse.

FINIS.

Printed for J. Blare, at the Sign of the Looking-Glass
on London-bridge.